RECOGNITION.

When souis that have put off their mortal gear Stand in the pure, sweet light of heaven's day, And wondering leeply what to do or say, And trembling more with rapture that with fear, Desire some toless of their friends most dear, Who there some time have made their happy

stay, And much have longed for them to come that

way. What shall it be, this sign of hope and cheer? Shall it be tone of voice or glance of eye? Shall it be touch of hand or gleam of hair Blown back from spirit brows by heaven's air Things which of old we knew our dearest by? h, naught of this; but, if our love be true, sme secret sense shall cry, 'Tis you and—you —John W. Chadwick.

HOW JOE LOST HIS ARM.

On the Tombigbee river so bright, I was born, In a but made of husks of the bright yellow corn and 'twas there that I met my Julia so true, and I rowed her about in my gumtree cance, Singing, row away, row o'er the waters so blue, Like a feather we'll float in my gumtree canoe.

The clerk of the Pretty Jane had a mellow voice, and blended sweetly with it was little Jennie's childish treble.

He sat upon the deck of the little steamboat gazing around on the bright waters of the Tombigbee as the sun danced on them, gazing intently, and smiling absently to himself.

He was a man of about thirty, and his right coat sleeve was empty and pinned

upon his heart.

Little Jennie leaned upon his knee, staring him intently in the face in a way that children have. She pushed her broad brimmed hat back from her eyes so that she might stare the better. The hat was a queerly shaped palmetto structure, for this was in '63, and clothes were at a premium. She was the child of one of the passengers, and between her and the clerk quite a friendship had And did you sure enough meet your

Julia here on the Tombigbee?" asked the child, stroking the empty sleeve with a pitying touch.

Yes," said the clerk, roused from his reverie and smiling down on the eager little face; "I have often taken her rowing on the Tombigbee before the war, when I had my other arm." "How nice!" said Jennie. "How nice!

And in a gumtree cance?" "Well, I wasn't particular as to the

kind of canoe, so it was a canoe," said he, smiling. "And your Julia ain't named Julia,

but Mary Jane, after all," said the child.
"Yes," said he, "but she's just as sweet as if her name was Julia, though 'twouldn't fit in the song so well."

"No, you couldn't say, 'I rowed my Mary Jane so true.' 'Twould make the song too long legged." "True," said he, laughing, "but that

makes no difference. I think of her while I sing it, so that it seems as if it was her name. "Well, Mr. Perkins," said Jennie, "tell

me why haven't you married your Julia, if you've been rowing her around in your gumtree canoe these ever so many "You see," said the mate smiling, "my

Julia couldn't make up her mind that she loved me till the war broke out and I volunteered; then she said directly she'd marry me, but 'twas too late then; I had to go off to fight."

"You had both of your arms then!" interrupted Jennie; "you was born with

"Of course, child. Did you ever hear of any one born with one arm? Nature don't ever make no such cobbled, lopsided work as that."

Well, if you had both of then, I don't see why she wouldn't have you.

"Bless you, child, everybody had plenty of arms then; that was no inducement to take a fellow. But, as I was saying, when she found I was going off to the war and might get killed, then she found that she loved me."

"She'd rather marry you than that you should get killed," said Jennie. Yes. I think she ought, after you rowed her around in the cance.

"You are right," said Perkins, laughing; "but 'twas too late to marry her We agreed that if ever I got back safely, when the war was over, we'd

marry "Tell me now, how you came to lose your arm," said Jennie.

"'Twas in one of the great battles around Richmond that year. I had been in many fights before, but this was about the hottest. The enemy were bound to get the hill on which we stood, and we were holding on desperately. But at last the boys began to waver and give way. Then our colonel came out to the front, and the rest of our officers followed him, and they ran up and down

the lines cheering up the men.
"'Steady, my boys,' said the old colonel; 'keep pouring it into them. Steady! Re-enforcements will soon be here! Never let it be said that the line broke where the Alabamians stood!'

"The whole air seamed black with shot and shell. A piece of one grazed the colonel's cheek, and the blood kept trickling down his face, but he didn't seem to feel it. The firing grew so hot that the men seemed fairly mowed down, and the line began to waver and break. Suddenly, clear on our right, there arose a tremendous yell. It grew louder and louder, and ran down the line toward us. Then, at last, we saw a courier galloping down the line. I shall never forget how he looked. His black horse was all white with foam and its flanks were bloody from his spur. He rode bare headed down the line as if he bore a charmed life, and he kept waving his cap around his head and shouting something to the men, and as they heard him the wavering line rallied and sent up deafening cheers. Then he galloped

by where we were and yelled:
"Raily, men! rally! Stonewall Jackson is in their rear, and giving 'em sut!' "Then we cheered, too, until we were hoarse. The courier galloped on, and presently our officer shouted:

" 'Forward men; charge!' "And away we went, down the hill and across a field, right toward the Yankee lines, yelling like Indians.

"I held the colors in my hand, and I

followed me. Right toward the blazing

line we ran. "All at once I saw the colonel, who was riding by me, grasp the colors, for they were falling. I looked and saw that my hand, my whole arm was gone, and I hadn't felt it! I grabbed the flag

in my left hand.

"'I can carry the colors yet, colonel,' I said. 'I don't feel any pain.' "I ran on some fifty steps, when the

blood began spouting from my shoulder. I dropped. Joe Ashe, one of the color guards, snatched the flag, and they all rushed on.

"I fell senseless. I never knew another thing till weeks after, when I woke up one day in Chimborazo hospital and found some funny looking ladies in black bonnets, that the boys called 'the sisters, bending over me. If it hadn't been for their good nursing, I should have died."

Perkins ceased. He had been so carried away by the interest he felt in his own narrative that he had gone quite beyond his auditor.

"But tell me, Joe," Jennie eagerly asked—she had been impatiently waiting for an opportunity for some minutes-"tell me, did you ever find your arm that you dropped?"

"No; to be sure not. I never went to look for it." "You couldn't fasten it on again, then?"

"Of course not, child. I am not a jointed doll."

"What a pity you couldn't," said the child. "What a pity! And how do you manage to dress yourself and tie your cravat and shoes?" she asked, for she had been burning to make these inquiries ever since she had seen the one armed confederate.

"'Twas awkward at first, but I learned at last to do it with the help of my teeth." "But how when you get old and lose em?" said Jennie, who was of an inves-

tigating mind. "Providence will raise me up some other way," he said with a pathetic smile. "I'll have my wife to wait on me."

"To be sure, I forgot; Miss Mary Jane will. What did she say?" "I got one of the sisters to write her for me, and I set her free. I said I

wouldn't bind her to a poor cripple like "And she said no, sir-ree! I 'spose,' cried Jennie, full of flery zeal for her

new friend. "Something to that effect," said Joe, smiling.

"She wrote me that she loved me more with one arm than she ever had done with two. And whenever I could get home she was ready." Here Joe's eyes filled and he gazed steadily in the water. "Well, now, Joe," said Jennie, who

was suddenly struck with a bright idea, "maybe if you would lose both arms she'd love you betterer and betterer."

"I believe I'm satisfied with what she feels now," said Joe, laughing. "But why hain't you married?" continued Jennie, pursuing her investiga-

tions. "Because I first had to get well, and then I had to get something to do. I had been a mechanic, and I couldn't work at my trade with my left hand. So Capt. Ramsey gave me a place on his boat, and I've been trying to learn how to write, so that I can keep his books. I

think I'm doing pretty well. See." He drew from his pocket a little blank book in which were scrawled divers hieroglyphics, at which he gazed complacently.

"Why, yes," said Jennie approvingly. 'There's a 't' with the cross mark, and there is 'k' with his broken back, and that's an 'i.' I know him by his eyebrow. You see I can read a little," she

said proudly.
"So I see," said he, laughing and putting up his book. "Now I must go. The sun has set. It is time for me to see after things for the night."

He stroked Jennie's curly head with his left hand, and walked away, softly singing in his mellow voice, "My Own Mary Ann."-Paul Grant in Atlanta Constitution.

The Origin of High Heels.

Heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced upon sandals in the shape of blocks of wood fixed underneath, such being the root idea of those deformities to which lovely woman owes so many of her woes. A high, unsteady heel, it is an open secret, injures the leg tendons and affects the spine as well as internal organs, which are liable to be displaced by the thrown forward position entailed. In Persia, the first home of the heel, however, these blocks of wood are used simply to "raise the feet from the burning sands of that country, and were about two inches With the Persian women these blocks were vastly higher than those affected by the men, their height being from eighteen inches to two feet, thus becoming more of the nature of stilts than anything else.

Strangely enough, many years after, a similar fashion came into vogue in Venice: but the motif in this case was comically different, for "by its means jealous husbands thought they would be able to keep their wives at home." The sup-ports of such shoes in Venice were called "chapineys," and to appease the vanity of the ladies, and doubtless also to sugar the pill, were made highly ornate. The height of these chapineys determined the rank of the wearer, an extra coating for the pill, "the noblest dames being permitted to wear them one-half yard or more high."—Hospital.

The Lion's Ailments. If lions and tigers catch cold a dose of powdered quinine is given to them in their food. They sometimes suffer from dyspepsia, and a meal of liver set before them is readily devoured and acts as a cathartic. They seldom need treatment, however, for any trouble except ingrow-

Disinfectant and Curative Herb.

ing nails.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

It disinfects the air you breathe before entering the lungs, and it cures by penetration and inhalation. The microbe or germ floating in the air that ran a little ahead. I didn't seem to have any feet; I seemed to fly, and the men Emperor William is said to be hurting health with a dozen big cigars daily. Well, as long as he doesn't indulge in the smoke of battle his subjects should not find any fault with bim.

microbe or germ noating in the air that causes contagion are dispelled instantly and entirely by the Aunt Rachel Herb Pad, when worn on the throat and chest. They have been made for 50 years by Aunt Rachel Speer, who is now over 82 years old. The best thing for the Throat and Langs. Address, Aunt Rachel Pad Co., Passic, N. J. FASHION MISCELLANY

Fans with folding handles are some-FEATHER plush is a novel garniture of

THERE is a craze among collectors for old tapestries.

CLASPS for ball and opera cloaks are indded with stones. VELVET calf is exceedingly popular for

adies' hand-bags and purses. STYLES are very picturesque and ma-terials and trimmings very rich.

Toronov LACE is coming in again as a rimming for sachets, toilet slips, etc. THE most unique screen of the day is

ne that has the cabinet ornamentation. Four raw oysters to each plate are considered the proper number to serve at

Ar "progressive dinners" the guests change partners at every course, '/hich causes a great deal of fun.

WALKING-COSTUMES in Paris pre in all sorts of hairy cloths, fawn's grays and terra cotta being the favorite colors. EAR-RINGS with drops are beginning to be seen again, but the favoy for any

species of this ornament is on the wane. THE bridegroom's wedding-ring is becoming of quite as much importance as the bride's from a fashionable point of

Parisian tailors are enthusiastic over the colored dress-coat, and assert emphatically that it will be in high favor before long.

A FOREIGN journal says that "illuminated shirt fronts," whatever they may be, are being devised in Paris for a New York dude.

SOME SOUND SENSE.

EVEN the sheep that are shut up from langer complain.

AFTER all, the wise men in the world are only untried fools. You fall in love when you will; you

get out of it when you can. Ir does so little good to complain that we wonder people do so much of it.

EVERY newspaper office in a dull town may be referred to as a manufacturing establishment. THE greater the sense of security a man feels in his sins, the farther away

the repentance. WHEN it is said of a man that be is

dyspeptic, people begin to wonder if his wife writes novels or votes. Is the Lord did not make you pretty,

be good. It is the one thing that is always expected of homely people. THE man who imagines every one is blaming him, is as conceited as the fel-low who thinks all are praising him.

OUR idea of a really brave man is one who would get up in an equal suffrage meeting and make a speech about babies.

SEASONABLE BIRDS.

FOR actors-Crane. FOR burglars-Robin. For newsboys-Snipe. Fon the dudes-Squab. FOR type-writers-Teal. For scholars-Reed bird. Fon the dear girls-Duck. Fon sailors-Canvas-back. FOR man about town-Lark. FOR treasury employes-Eagle. Fon high protectionists-Quail. For Wall-street speculators-Blue jay.

Fon Englishmen-"Plum-pudding."

What to Teach Boys. Teach them how to earn money.

Teach them shorthand and typewriting.
Teach them economy in all their af-Teach them to be polite in their man-

Teach them history and political conomy.

Teach them arithmetic in all its

Teach them to avoid tobacco and strong drink. Teach them to ride, drive, jump, run

and swim. Teach them careful and correct busiess habits. Teach them how to get the most for

Teach them, by example, how to do things well. Teach them to avoid profane and in-

decent language.

Teach them habits of cleanliness and Teach them the care of horses, wagons

and tools. Teach them to be manly, self-reliant and aggressive. Teach them to be neat and genteel in their appearance.

Force of Habit.

After shopping for the greater part of a recent afternoon, a lady, with a letter in her hand, entered a drug store. She asked for and received a postage stamp. "Anything else to-day, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I think not," she replied." Please send it to the house.' "I-I beg pardon, ma'am," stammered

the clerk, "but what is it you wish to have delivered?" "Why, the-the--" Then suddenly refreshing her mind, she quickly added, "Oh, well, never mind it," and took the

postage stamp and walked out. The clerk afterward said he had never seen a better illustration of the force

Fish Food for the Many.

For the actor-Starfish.

For the bad boy-Whale.

For the perfumer-Smelt. For the shoemaker-Sole.

For the merchant-C. O. D.

For the soldier-Swordfish.

For boys in winter-Skates.

For the despondent-Bluefish.

For the pension agent-Shark.

For the impecunious-Goldfish. For the orator-Tongues and sounds

Fruit in Tin Cans. The fruit put up in tin cans should be taken out when the can is opened for use. If allowed to remain after the can is opened the action of acid juices upon the tin when exposed to the air may form acetate of tin, which is poisonous Pour the fruit out into glass or earthenware dishes, and the danger of poison is avoided. This acetate will not form while the air is excluded.

The Evan Hall plantation in Louisville has already turned out 2,000,000 pounds of sugar, with more than half the crop of cane yet to grind.

Sims Rooves' Opportunity. Sims Reeves, the great English tenor, was discovered by accident. Macready was manager of Drury Lane Theater, he brought out among other revivals, Dryden's "King Arthur," with all Purcell's music. During the rehearsals Tom Cooke, who was the musical director—the grandfather of that Miss Rosa Cooke that we occasionally see in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas-was despair of finding any one who could do justice to the solos in "Come, If You Dare." James Anderson, the tragedian, who was a member of the company, had oticed the fine voice of a chorus singer, and suggested him as a solution of the difficulty. He was laughed at by Cooke. Macready, however, becoming impressed by Anderson's persistency, desired Cooks to try the young man alone. In less than twenty minutes Cook returned in raptures of delight. Reeves made a great hit, and was nightly encored in his magnificent solos.

Pussy's Medicine.

A New York man has a valuable Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has been rudely and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it Recently an Irish girl appeared

among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Shure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be ating all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to

Parliamentary Language.

You may say a man is not wedded to Or sometimes suffers from a spirit of

exaggeration; Or occasionally finds it difficult to confine himself strictly to actualities;
Or is unfettered by the four corners of

hard matter-of-fact; Or is a past master in the pleasing art of realistically romancing;

Or is partial, in describing nature, to borrowing from the pages of romance; Or is much given to an artificial recol-lection of misleading statistics; Or cannot distinguish the false from

the true, with a bias toward the former; Or has a distinct liking for the utterance of statements of a misleading char-But you must not-no, you must not,

you really must not-call him a liar!

One Woman's Sad Case.

An eminent New York lawyer has been in consultation for a year past with a very wealthy and childless widow, who asked him to draw up her last will and testament. She cannot make up her mind as to how she shall bequeath her millions. She suffers grievous tortures all the time in striving to reach a satisfactory determination of the question. She has changed her mind from time to time, again and again, in regard to one bequest after another. She has no relative to whom she is devoted: there is no great scheme that she is desirous of pronoting; there is no charitable institution in which she takes any interest. But she feels that she must make some disposition of her property while it is under her control, and dreads the prospect of leaving it to be wrangled over after death. Her case is a sad one.

MAN LEADS,

But Weman Comes in a Good Second in Social Evolution.

We can notice everywhere that man has taken the lead, on the whole, in the process of social evolution, but that soon ar or later woman has followed in each step. Thus a woman can now go about the streets with a freedom which an unarmed man did not always enjoy. It is not 300 years since the toilets of men implied as much elaboration, as much expense, and as much time as did those of women at the same period, and far more than the toilets even of refined women now consume. Men have reduced all that magnificence to a simple working costume, varied by an evening dress suit of plain black, and the great mass of women now tend in the same direction. Even the daughter of luxury lays aside splendor for her tennis dress. Any great change, within the limits of morality, that comes over the social habits of men is sure to be reflected a century or two later in those of women. It is a curious fact pointed out by philologists that of the terms now most often appiled to women were once applied with equal freedom to men, as girl, hoyden, shrew, coquette, witch, termagant, jade, all of which have now passed out of use except for women. It is the same in French with the word dame. Now the same thing that has happened to these words has taken place with many social usages that have been wholly changed for men and partly changed for women; but they are undergoing the alteration nevertheless. Women are no longer expected to be wholly absorbed in their home duties any more than they are ex-pected to go veiled in the street. Indeed, a larger part of these home duties have been taken from them; they are not expected to do any more spinning or weaving, for instance, and the time which that once cost, if it is not to be wholly wasted, may well go to the cultivation of their own minds and the healing of the world's sorrews. They have ceased to be mere dependents or appendages, and there is nothing left for them but to go on and be individuals.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is gauranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Maiarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipa-tion and indigestion try Electric Bit-ters. Entire satisfaction gauranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at D. J. Humphrey's drugstore.

There is a town in Pennsylvahia not one of whose inhabitants can speak a word of English. Such facts as these should set the patriot to thinking.

Prof. Carroll says that there are over 200,000 men in Massachusetts alone able and willing to work who can get no work to do.

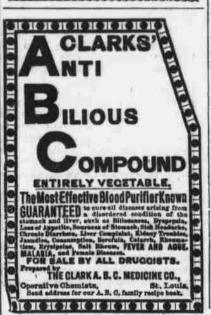
Oblo supports 44,308 paupers at an annual cost of \$1,042,670.43.

I took Cold, I took Sick,

I take My Meals,

I take My Rest, AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting flat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Ineip-lent Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY, I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.



Legal Notice.

JAMES W. CARSON, whose place of residence is unknown, late of Clifton Falls, Virginia, will take notice that on the 26th day of January, 1891, in the court of common pleas of Henry county, Ohio, where the action is now pacifing, the undersigned, Ella Garson, filed her petition against the said James W. Carson, praying for divorce from him and for restoration to her former name of Ella Hill, on the grounds of gross neglect of duty and for extreme crucity. The said James W. Carson is required to smewer the said position not later than six weeks after the 31st day of January, 1891.

J. M. Haag, altorney.

J. M Hasg, attorney. January 29, 1891.

jan 29-6t

Probate Notice. NOTICE is hereby given, that Catharine M. Krase, as Executery of Heinrich Wilhelm Kruse, has filed a flusi account of her administration, which will be for basaring and settlement Feb. 16th, 1891. M. DONNELLY, Probate Judge.

Probate Notice.

N OTICE is hereby given, that Sophia Hahn, as guardian of minor heirs of Anton Hahn, has filed a first account of her guardianship, which will be for hearing and settlement February 16th, 1821. M. DONNELLY, Probate Judge.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Jacob Wolf, as guardian of Joest heirs, has fied a third secount of his guardianship, which will be for hearing and settlement February 18th, 1891.

M. DONNELLY, Probate Judge.

Probate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Christian Biery, as guardian of Louis Guhl, has filed a first account of his guardianship, which will be for hearing and settle most February 16th, 1891.

M. DONNELLY, Probate Judge. Probate Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Henry Mangus, as guardian of Simon O. Zherolf, Frederick O. Zher-olf and Casper E. Zherolf, has filed a first account of his guardianship, which will be for hearing and set-tlement February 21, 1891. M. DONNELLY, Probate Judge. THE BEST REMEDY

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